

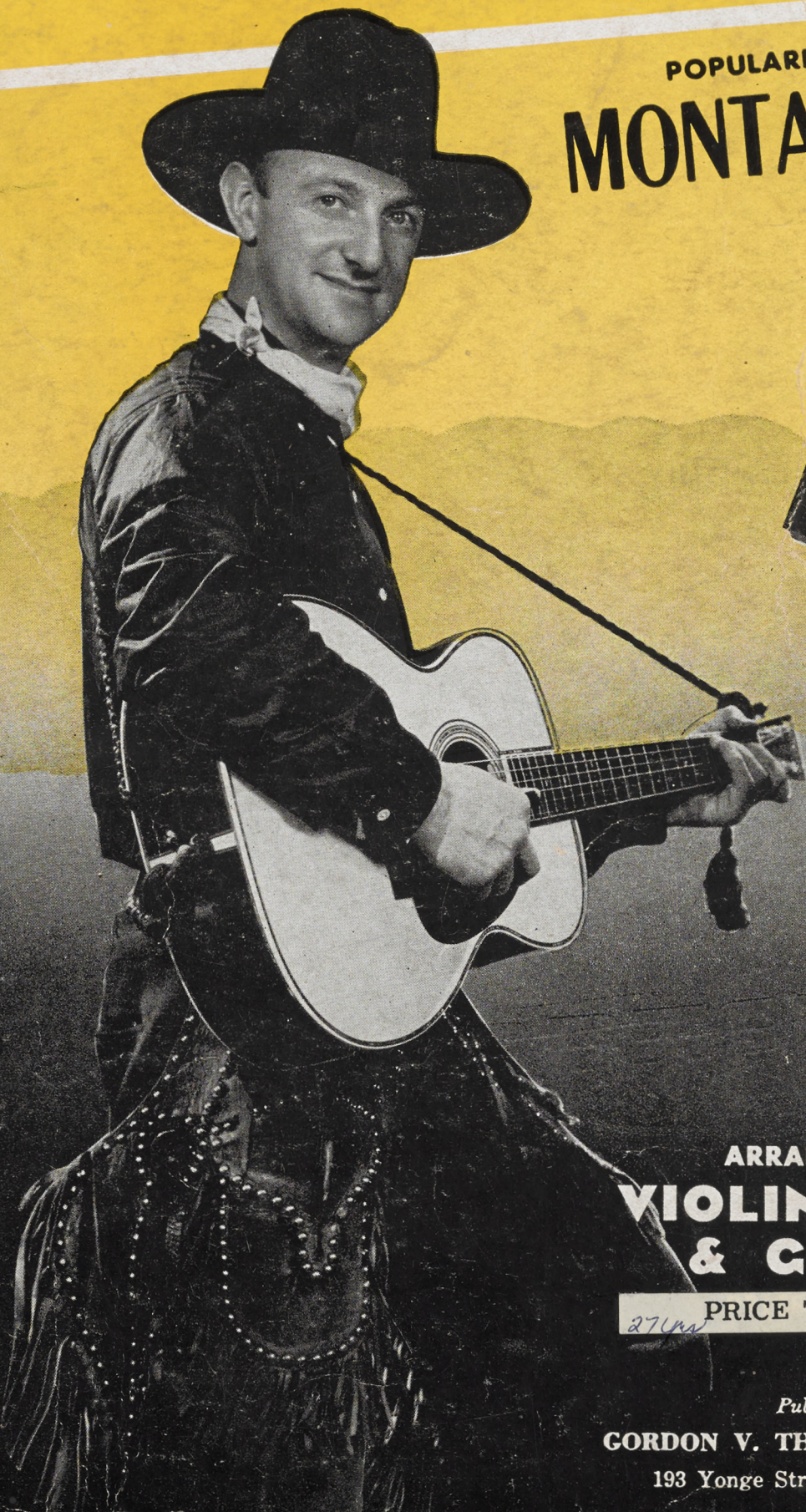
NEW COWBOY SONGS BY

WILF CARTER

Wilf Carter

POPULARLY KNOWN AS
MONTANA SLIM

NO
4



ARRANGED FOR
**VIOLIN, PIANO
& GUITAR**

PRICE 75 CENTS

270W
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Hello Friends:

Here I am broadcasting from station H-O-M-E—yes sir, this here ranch is my own 'home sweet home' and I'm stringin' these lines together back in the prairies I've been hankerin' for these last few years.

But it's only for a spell. One of these days I'll be sayin' "goodbye" to the bronchos and the wheat fields for I know they'll be ropin' me for another turn on the radio. So if I don't see you out here this summer you'll be hearin' me in your home one of these fine days.

Well, folks, this is my fourth book of cowboy songs—some you've never heard before—some real old friends you'll recognize. I hope you like all these tunes I've tangled together.

So long and good luck!

Your pal,

Will Carter

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Call Of The Range

WILF CARTER

Moderato

mf

rall.

p

mf a tempo

When it's spring-time on the prai-rie, And the cat-tle start to roam, I
Range - land I hear you call-ing, The — call-ing of the plains,

get that lone - ly feel - ing, to head back there a - gain; There's the
Range-land I'm a - com-ing, I'm catch-ing the next train; Oh, there's

blue skies way out yon - der, — Hear the lone - ly
no place like the prai - rie, — Where you've ev' - ry -

F7 Bb7 G^{ooo} Bb7 Cm Bb Eb Eb^{ma7} Eb7 Ab
 Ki - ote wail, I'm a - head - in' for the
 thing to gain, Range - land, dear old

Eb+6 Eb Eb7 F7 F7-5 Eb Bb7 Bb9 Bb+6 Eb Ab Eb
 range-land, I'm a - head - in' for the trail.
 range-land, I'll be meet - ing you a - gain.

Eb Fm7 Gm Ab Eb
 Range - land, I hear you call - ing *8va* The call - ing
loco

Bb7 Bb9 Bb+6 Eb Ab Eb Fm7 Gm Ab
 of the plains Range - land, and I'm a - com - ing

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line with chords and arpeggios. Chord diagrams for guitar are provided above the vocal line for each measure. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words spanning across measures. The piece ends with a final chord of Ab.

A- Eb Bb7 Bb9 Bb+6 Eb Ab Eb Cm Bb
 8va I'm catch - ing the next train. Oh! there's
 loco
 Eb Ebma7 Eb Ab Eb F7 Cm7
 no place like the range - land Where you've ev' - ry -
 F7 F9 F7+6 Bb E- Bb7 Cm Bb Eb Ebma7 Eb7 Ab
 thing to gain; O range - land dear old
 Eb Eb7 C7 F7-5 Eb Bb7 Bb9 Bb+6 Eb Ab Eb
 range - land I'll be meet - ing you a - gain. D.S.
 rall. D.S.

Returning To My Old Prairie Home

Victor Bluebird Record B 4993

WILF CARTER

Moderato

F Fm7 Eb G G7 C7 F F7 Bb F Fm7
 It's been man - y
 I still see the
 I'm back to my

Bb C A Dm F7 Bb Bbm Bbm6 F
 years since I wan - dered, — A-way from my old prai-rie home; — A-
 old round-up sad - dle, — It hangsthereall cov-ered with dust; — My
 home on the prai - rie, — And nev - er no more will I roam; — There's

Bb B dim F Fm7 D7 G7
 way from the ways of my boy - hood days, Down cat - tle trails I'd
 old hack - a - more hangs on the door, My spurs are all covered with
 moth - er and dad, I know they're sad, Won - d'ring why I don't come

C7 F Fm7 Bb C A Dm F7

roam; _____ I've grown so home-sick and lone-some _____
 rust; _____ I know I'll have one con-so-la-tion _____ My
 home; _____ There's a rip-pling stream in the val-ley _____

Bb Bb6 A7 D7 G7 C7

Long-ing once more just to stray, _____ I'm hop-ing some day I'll
 old pin-to waits pa-tient-ly, _____ Round the old home cor-ral, Where we
 Shad-ed by cot-ton-wood tree, _____ I'll stroll once a-gain, in the

F Bb Bbm F D7 G G7 C7 F Bb F

be on my way _____ 'Way back to my old prai-rie home. _____
 first be-came pals _____ 'Way back in those old prai-rie days. _____
 old sha-dy lane _____ That winds to my old prai-rie home. _____

Roll a-long Moonlight Yodel

Victor Bluebird Record B 4608

WILF CARTER

Moderato assai







1. All a - lone and no one to guide me, — All a -
 2. Sil - v'ry moon, O guide me back home - ward, — Roll a -
 3. Now I see a light in the dis - tance, — On the
 4. All a - lone and high on the moun - tain, — A

mf








lone and lost on the trail.
 long, I'll fol - low your rays. While I
 trail to my lit - tle cha - let. Roll a -
 par - a - dise which I a - bide. Roll a -






Some - one come and guide me, —
 sing, my moon - light yo - del, — It
 long, roll a - long moon - light yo - del, — To the
 long, roll a - long moon - light yo - del, — Roll a -

The musical score is written for guitar and piano. The guitar part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final two lines. The lyrics are written below the guitar staff. The guitar chords are indicated by letters (A, D, A7, G, D7, G7) and diagrams showing the fingerings on the fretboard. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both the right and left hands.

Lost on a sha - dow - ing vale.
 kind of rolls a - long this way.
 val - leys far far a - way. Ay o lee ay ee,
 long a - cross the great di - vide.

Ay — lee o lee ay Ay o lee ay ee Ay — lee o lee ay

Lee o lee ay ee O lee ay, O lee ay lee o lee.

Moonlight Prison Blues

Victor Blue Bird Record B 4980

WILF CARTER

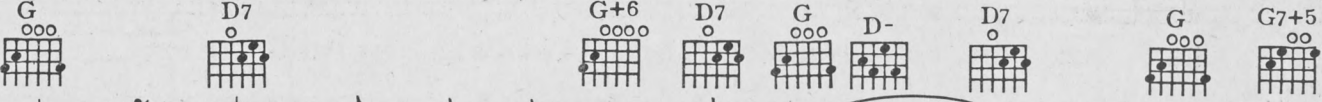
Slowly

1. To-night I'm feel-ing blue and lone - ly, sit - ting here I'm all a -
 2. One night in June on - ly last sum - mer, a mel - low moon was shin-ing
 3. The rob - ber - y was soon dis - cov - ered, a tip then sent me off to
 4. My sweet-heart ev - en turned a - gainst me, the on - ly girl I ev - er

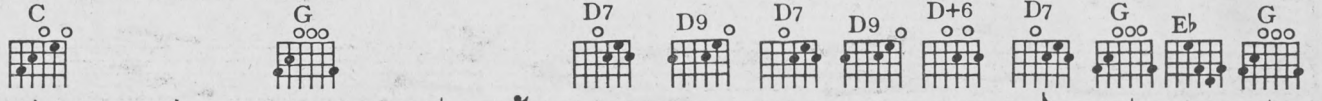
lone, — The jur - y says that I am guilt - y, that I must
 bright, — Some pals of mine since ear - ly child - hood, asked me to
 jail, — No one would there be - lieve my sto - ry I had no
 loved, — One night to me she made a prom - ise, a mel - low



leave my friends at home. — Lis - ten, folks, I'll tell my sto -
 go and see the sights; — I soon found out it was a rob -
 friend to go my bail; — For ten long years I have to lin -
 moon shone from a - bove; — A sil - v'ry moon is shin-ing on -



ry, Of a crime I did not do, — The Mas - ter
 b'ry, A safe that they had planned to crack, — They made me
 ger, Be - hind these cold grey pri - son bars, — At night I
 ward, O God in heav - en, I'm so blue; — And peo - ple



up a - bove in heav - en, knows these words I speak are true. — *D.S.*
 turn the com-bin - a - tion, a gun point pressed a - gainst my back. —
 sit a - lone and pon - der, while gaz - ing at the moon and stars. —
 oft stroll by my win - dow, to hear my Moon - light Pri - son Blues. —

D.S.

Broken-down Cowboy

Victor Bluebird Record B 4603

Moderato

WILF CARTER

mf

I'm just an old cow - boy, I've had my wild fling, — No

more in the sad - dle will I ev - er swing; — There's

more pals just like me a - wait - in' the day, — When

they're called to an - swer for sins we must pay. *D.S.*

BROKEN-DOWN COWBOY

By Wilf Carter

2. My life was so happy, I can hardly explain,
Where hardships are shared and no one to complain;
And after the round-up I'd draw all my pay,
No thought of the future, of some rainy day.
3. I wish I had followed the straight, narrow trail,
That leads to green pastures or that hidden vale;
I'd been in the line-up on that Judgment Day,
Now I'm left in the darkness and branded a stray.
4. I first went to drinkin', just started for fun;
It led me to gamblin' an' the use of a gun;
'Till long years in prison broke spirit and health,
With someone to guide me I might of had wealth,
5. Now all you young cowboys take warning today,
And follow the trail or the straight narrow way;
Don't follow my footsteps, and don't start to roam,
I'm a broken-down cowboy without any home.
6. I'm a broken-down cowboy, no job can I fill,
I dread for to think of that home o'er the hill;
My range days are over, my whole life is done,
From drinkin' an' gamblin' that started in fun.

Stream-lined Yodel Song

By WILF CARTER

Briskly

Stroll-ing thro' the
A - lone but

sun - set val - ley,
I'm so hap - py

With its snow - capped peaks a -
Just me and my gui -

bove,
tar,

A - yo-d'ling a song while swing-ing a -
No wor - ry or care, no heart-aches to

Guitar Chords: D7, D7, D7+6, D7, G, G, D7, Em, G7, C+6, C, D7alt, C, G, G#, D7, D7, Em

Bm A7 Am 6 A7 D7 C Cm D7 D7+6 13

long, It's the land of dreams I love; Nes-tled
 bear, No sweet-heart to make me blue; With the

G D7 Em G7 C+6 C

'mong the moun-tains yon-der Is my lit-tle
 twink-ling stars a-bove me All my heart is

D alt C G D7 G G7 C Cm

Swiss cha-let, When the bright moon starts a-
 full of song, So list to my stream-lined

G E7 D7 D9 D7+6 D7 G

sail-in, Then I'll yo-del far a-way.
 yo-del, While its ech-o rolls a-long.

The Transplanted Cowboy

By WILF CARTER

Lively

F

Bb+6 **Gm** **C7** **F** **Falt.** **F**

1. I'm a night - y lone - ly

C7 **F**

cow - boy, — More lone - ly you've nev - er seen. — I

C **C9** **C7** **Am** **C9** **C7** **C9**

can't get used to the ci - ty ways, I guess I'm just plumb

F **C7** **F** **C7** **F**

green. I left the dear old prai - rie, — To

The musical score is written for a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked 'D.S.' (Da Capo) at the end of the first system. The lyrics are: 'sing on the rad - i - o, Get all mixed up on your crowd - ed streets, I don't know which way to go.' The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the melody. Chord diagrams are provided for the following chords: Bb, F, F7, D7, Gm, Bb, Bbm, F, D7, Gm, C7, and F.

2. When first I hit the city, I wore me high-heeled shoes;
Them darn sidewalks they seem so queer, they give me feet the blues:
One day I meets a lady, while passing the time of day,
She took me out a-shopping, made me throw me old clothes away.
3. Says she, "You're in the city, where all the men dress fine;
You must get this, you must get that"- soon I'll spend me last thin dime.
One of them long-tailed dinner suits, one of them high top hats,
A stiff-front shirt, a big bow tie, low heeled shoes and spats.
4. Then to wind up on the bargain, I bought a gold topped cane,
A bumper-chute to take along in case it chanced to rain.
Well of all the funny feelings, I sure was getting blue;
And every time I took a step felt like I was losin' me shoes.
5. We first went out to dinner, from there to the cabaret,
Thinks I, Here's where I'll feel at home, and I sure was feeling gay.
These city folks dance funny, soon I began to roast;
We western folks all like comfort, so I peeled off me long-tailed coat.
6. Last thing that I remembered, seemed all grabbed me hands and feet,
They gave me what we call the rail, I lit clean out on the street.
I'm a poor transplanted cowboy, mixed up with your city ways,
I'm a-goin' back where I know the ropes, nuthin' like old prairie days.

I Long For Old Wyoming

Victor Bluebird Record B 4600

By WILF CARTER

Lazily F^- F C $C7$ $A7$ $Dm+4$ $G9$ $G6$ C F C

p *rall.*

1. I long for old Wy - o - ming, — where the do - gies roamed the

a tempo *mf*

range, I long to be in the sad - dle and night - herd

on the plains, — I hear the coy - o - tes howl - ing, — they

Dm $A7$ $D7$ $D7-5$ $G7$ C C^- C $C7$

17

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. Chord diagrams are provided above the voice staff for various chords: F, C, C7, F, Fma7, and F. The lyrics are: 'wan-der a - mong the hills, I hear the whis-tl - ing song, of the lone - ly whip-poor - will.' The score includes a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking and a 'D.S.' (Da Segno) instruction. The number '17' is in the top right corner.

wan-der a - mong the hills, I hear the whis-tl - ing
 song, of the lone - ly whip-poor - will.

rall. D.S.

2. As I sit here in the moonlight, and gaze high up at the stars,
 I think of my folks away back home and wonder how they are;
 And then I stroll down the valley, among the ancient pines,
 I think of my girl so far away, the one I left behind.
3. I long to see my mother, she means so much to me,
 Away back in old Wyoming, that's where I long to be;
 She wrote, "I'm sad and lonely, my hair is turning grey,
 Come home and see your mother, before she goes away"
4. I'm leaving in the morning, I'm going back to my home,
 Away back in old Wyoming, it's there I long to roam;
 I long to see my dear mother, and have her lips meet mine,
 Oh! there's no love like a mother, for a mother's love is divine.
5. As I ran up the pathway, I paused before the gate,
 The house was dark and so lonely, then I knew I was too late;
 Ob, boys, if you have a mother, and her hair is turning grey,
 Go home and see her, cowboy, before she goes away.

Prairie Blues

Victor Bluebird Record B 4985

By WILF CARTER

D7 D7 sus D6 D7 G G7 A7 Cm G G G Em7 D7
 1. Oh, I'm sad and I'm
 blue, for the days we once knew, When I rode a-cross the grass-y old
 plain; When our bron-chos we would rope, while our lar-i-ats would
 smoke, And their eyes a shin-in' like a - flame

O lee ay - lee, o lee ay, O lee ay - dle, o dee

hee, O lee ay lee, o lee ay, O lee ay lee, o dee he. *D.S.*

PRAIRIE BLUES

By Wilf Carter

2. Then the saddle we'd put on, with a WHOOP! we were gone,
While the broncho done his best to unwind;
Then I'd dig him high in front, and he'd give a squeal and grunt,
Then he'd try to unload me from behind.

YODEL

3. He started twisting like a snake, till I thought my back would break,
The saddle cinch she had to come in two;
With a bang I hit the ground, while the stars flew all around,
And my little broncho bid me fair adieu.

YODEL

4. Now those cowboy days are done, catching bronchos on the run,
No more branding like the deeds we used to do;
Now we have to lay around in some dog-gone dirty town,
Can you blame me 'cause I've got those Prairie Blues.

YODEL

The Fate Of The Sunset Trail

Victor Bluebird Record B 4605

By WILF CARTER

Lively

Chord diagrams: C, C#, G7, C, C alt, C, C7

1. Feel - ing blue and lone - ly

Chord diagrams: F6, F, C, C7, G7 alt, G7

at the close of day, Fate has played an aw - ful

Chord diagrams: G9, G7 alt, G9, C, C#, G7, C, C alt, G7 alt

joke and stole my love a way; Sha - dows slow - ly

Chord diagrams: C, C7, F6, F, C, G7, C7, F

creep - ing, the moon - light might - y pale, If to

me you'll lis - ten, I'll tell you a sad tale. _____

D.S.

THE FATE OF THE SUNSET TRAIL

By Wilf Carter

2. I one time met a maiden with eyes of violet blue,
We learned to love each other as only lovers do;
Each night we'd stroll together through the peaceful vale,
On our way to romance, by the Sunset Trail.
3. Time rolled swiftly onward, our wedding day was set,
I was on my way, boys, the wedding ring to get;
'Twas then I met the ranch-boss, who said we had to go
And trail a herd of dogies across from Mexico.
4. I gently broke the news to my pretty bride to be,
And as I gazed deep in her eyes she promised faithfully,
She would wait till I returned, when we both would wed,
With parting words, "Be true to me," these are the words she said.
5. "I'll be waiting for you, Jack, with the tide of Spring,
With the snowdrops peeping through, wedding bells will ring;
I'll be waiting patiently, O promise not to fail,
I will meet you in the Spring, by the Sunset Trail."
6. On the trail from Mexico it was a hard old go,
Keep that herd a-rollin' on, through the sleet and snow;
When we finally reached the ranch I asked about my dear,
They said she'd wed another man on the grand New Year.
7. She left a note for me explaining just the reason why,
The new love that had won her heart had riches more than I;
He'd promised her a paradise, with all it's splendor grand,
"Please, Jack, I ask forgiveness, I chose the other hand."
8. Oh! curse your gold and silver, stealing a maiden's heart,
It's broken many a happy dream and torn two lives apart:
I often sit and ponder and wonder just how true,
Don't love a girl with deep blue eyes, she'll prove untrue to you.

The Trailrider's Heavenly Dream

WILF CARTER

Moderato

Give me the life on the old moun-tain trail, The beau-ti-ful
 Give me a thrill of the camp-fire at night, Snow cov-ered
 Give me a blan-ket I'll spread out my bed, And on my

val-lies, the whis-per-ing vale A real par-a-dise by a
 moun-tains a moon shin-ing bright Sweet strains of mu-sic you
 sad-dle I'll pil-low my head Lulled off to sleep by a













rip - ple-ing stream. A trail-rid-er's hea - ven - ly dream. _____
 hear near and far. A trail-rid-er's strum-ming gui-tar. _____
 rip - ple-ing stream. A trail-rid-er's hea - ven - ly dream. _____







All join in song while were rid - ing a - long. Rid - ing a -





long, sing-ing a song. Hap - py and gay, just a -










swing-ing a - long. Down the Rock-y Moun-tain trail. *To Yodel ad lib*

O lay ee, de o o dee ay de lay ee o, De ay de lay ee

o de ay de lay ee o. De o - lee, o - lee, o - lee, o - lee,

o - lee, o - lee, o - lee, o - lee, o - lee, o - lee, o - lee, o - lee, o - lee, o - lee, o - lee,

ay lee, dee o, dee lay ee o. *D. C.*

Midnight, The Unconquered Outlaw

Victor Bluebird Record B 4605








WILF CARTER

Moderato

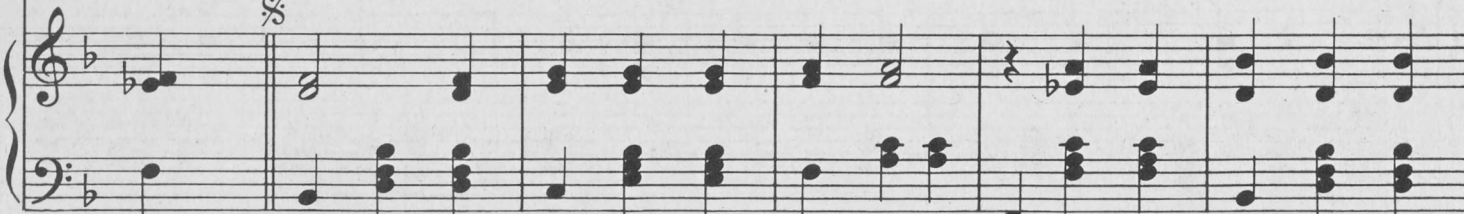
1. Way down in old Wy - o - ming Way out on the
7. years roll by there'll lin - ger, A sto - ry of









grass - y plain, There's a horse that's nev - er been
ma - ny a fall, As the cow - boys tell of the

con quered Called mid - night of ro - de - o fame.
And mid - night thun - con - quered out - law. Fine








2 He was once a hard-work - ing po - ny; Herd - ing do - gies way
 3. soon tak - en out to the round-up, On his back no
 4. dart like old Straw-ber - ry Ro - an, That once lyr - an -
 5. years he has fought for his free - dom, Stam - ped - ing North,
 6. last stand in Chey-enne, Wy - o - ming, Was the great-est in



















out on the plain, — And he emp - tied the most of the
 rid - er could reign, — But would go twist - ing high in the
 ized all the range, — But Mid - night, the world's king of
 South East and West, — Pil - ing up all the good
 all his ca - reer, — And now he has won out his

















cow - boys With his shin - ing black coat and long mane. —
 heav - en And fall like a stone to the plain. —
 out - laws Nev - er stopped for to hand you your change. —
 rid - ers Ev - en Turk who's con - sid - ered the best. —
 free - dom At the age of just sev - en - teen years. —











One day while out on the prai - rie, He took fright at a
 In the chute he'd stand just a - shak - in', With hate gleam - in'
 With a snort he'd greet you de - fi - ant, Swap ends with the
 Ne'er a - gain the touch of the sad - dle, Nor rak - ing of
 And now he's king of all out - laws, E'en the Straw-berry and

mere tum - ble weed That sent this black horse in - to
 out of his eyes When turned out he'd leap o'er the
 great - est of ease And leave his rid - er a -
 spurs 'long his side His stam - ped - ing days, they are
 Ridge run - ning Roan He can snort, he can greet them de -









 D.S.

buck - ing, — He was no more a cow - po - ny steed. — 3. He was
 heav - en, — A twist - ing black streak there on high. — 4. Then he'd
 sail - in', — A - long thro' the dust and the breeze. — 5. Man - y
 o - ver, — He has won the last great fin al - ride. — 6. His
 fi - ance — He ma - jes - tic - al - ly stands on his throne. — 7. As

D.S.








The Hobo's Yodel

Victor Bluebird Record B 4610

Lively

WILF CARTER

C^o G⁷ C^o A^{mi}
 I just come in - to your
 ci - ty, my friends, To bone me a meal and a flop, And as my
 luck would have her, boys, I run square in - to a cop. He took me
 down to the jail-house, He gave me a meal and a flop. He

says "You get out in the morn - ing," I says, "O. K. old top."

Coda, after 4th verse







I'm just a yo - del - ing ho - bo, I've lost me






socks and me shoes I'm al - ways feel - in' hap - py






boys, I can yo - del a - way my blues.

Yodel after each verse and coda

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line with the lyrics "O lay o lee — ay lee o lee, O lay o lee. — Dee-dle de he, O lee" and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with "ay lee o lay, o ay lee o lay, o lee. —" and also includes a piano accompaniment. Chord diagrams are provided for C7, F, C, and Am.

2. I was sittin' by a water-tank, a-waitin' for a train,
Along came another hobo so I says, "Say! what's your name?"
He said, "It's none of your business," and I knew I was to blame,
For one thing about a hobo, he never likes to tell you his name. *(To Yodel)*
3. I was feelin' kind of sleepy, me friends, I thought I'd take a snooze,
Do you know that dirty hobo, he stole me socks and me shoes.
I didn't wake 'till mornin', a note was pinned on my coat,
That hobo caught the midnight train and these are the words he wrote.
4. "Don't ever trust a hobo, don't ever tell him your name;
Your shoes are plenty big for me but thank you just the same.
Just do the same as I did, let a hobo take a snooze;
And when you get a darn good chance, don't steal, just take his shoes." *(To Yodel)*

(Coda follows with yodel)

Goodbye, Little Pal Of My Dreams

Victor Bluebird Record B 4610

By WILF CARTER

Moderato

1. I'm think - ing to - night of my

home on the prai - rie, Lit - tle Pal of my dreams, I'm dream - ing of

you, To stroll once a - gain in the lin - ger - ing

twi-light, I won-der if ev-er my dream will come true.

Yodel after second last verse, same as the Hobo's Yodel.

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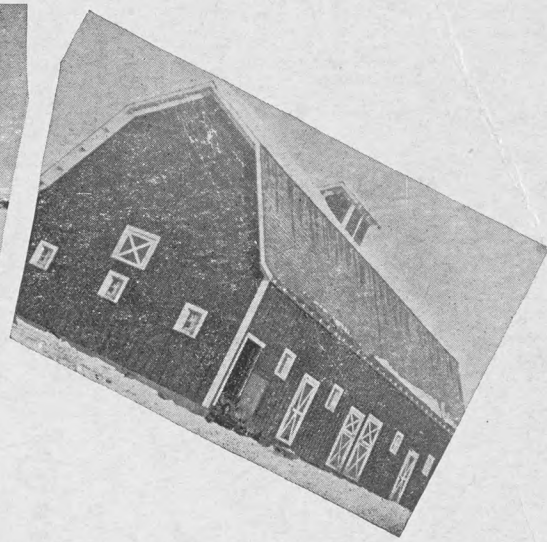
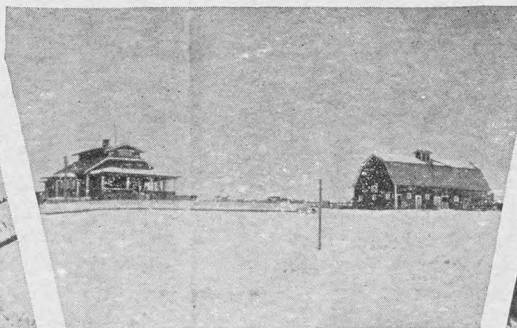
D.S.

GOODBYE, LITTLE PAL OF MY DREAMS

By Wilf Carter

2. The little ranch house 'mid the trees on the hillside,
'Twas there we first met 'neath the cottonwood tree;
If years roll back to the first day I met you,
Little Pal of my Dreams, are you thinking of me?
3. You say, little pal, your hair is all silver,
Little Pal of my Dreams, I'm longing for you;
Oh! some day the clouds will turn into sunshine,
And then, little pal, our skies will be blue.
4. Do the birds sing as sweet while they rest in the branches?
Do the cattle still roam on the old prairie grass?
I'll never be happy until I'm returning
To the little ranch home and the pal I love best.
5. Goodbye, little pal, Oh! I know you are lonely,
Little Pal of my Dreams, I'm longing to see,
And stroll once again in that lingering twilight,
That little ranch home 'neath the cottonwood tree.

Wilf Carter's Prairie "Home Sweet Home"



WILF CARTER'S FOLIO # 3

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Hello Friends!

Yes, it is your old pal, Wilf Carter, or as they have nick-named me, Montana Slim, back again. It is sure great to have another chat with you all. How about it? Fine!

You know I've sure had lots of letters this last year asking for more good old Western songs. I'm telling you I feel mighty good over all those fine compliments that keep drifting my way. They sorta keep me writing and tangling up new numbers.

You know, the first song I ever wrote, well I just figured it was my last. But as time rolled by I started writing more and more. So here's some of your favorites, such as "Love Knot in My Lariat" which you have all swamped me with requests for, and I hope you all enjoy playing and singing these songs as much as I did writing them.

Oh! by-the-way, I guess you're wondering what these pictures are. Just a little plot of land I have in Western Canada, about 300 acres—not much—but I've always longed for a place called HOME so I decided this was what I've always wanted!

I've really found out for myself, after all my years of roaming, that my heart is always back on the good old prairie. It's on the prairie I always belonged. Why not come over and see me some time?

Gee, it's swell to talk to all my song-lover friends again. Hope you have enjoyed the visit.

Good luck, good health and keep smiling!

WILF CARTER

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5 COWBOY SONG BOOKS BY MONTANA SLIM

WHO SIGNS HIS CHECKS AS

Wilf Carter

COWBOY OF THE FOOTHILLS



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Then I went West ... they know me at the Calgary Stampede as a chuck-wagon rider and eardowner at the wild horse race. ...

My Yodellin' seemed to improve — anyways I invented a three-in-one yodel — the kind of chorus solo you hear in the Swiss Moonlight Lullaby. ..."

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